

via pacis
vol. 11 no.2



feb. - mar.

A flower blooms
in the winter.
Comrades go to jail.
But they do not go
alone.
They hold high
the blooming Flower
of Resistance.

EPIPHANY PLOWSHARES

1

BY WENDY BOBBITT

On January 6, the Feast of Epiphany, my friend Lin Romano and three others did a Plowshares action at the Willow Grove naval air base near Philadelphia. Fr. Dexter Lancot and Fr. Tom McGann had never been arrested before. Greg Boertje was on probation from a previous Plowshares action.

The Willow Grove base is used to train personnel for Central America. In the action, \$400,000 damage was done to two assault helicopters and a P3A Orion plane, part of the first strike arsenal, which uses nuclear depth charges to locate and sink submarines. Frs. Lancot and McGann are presently out of jail and have been suspended by their bishop, Cardinal Krol of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Letters in support of their act of conscience can be addressed to Cardinal Krol:

His Eminence John Cardinal Krol
Archbishop of Philadelphia
Archdiocese of Philadelphia
222 N. 17th St.
Philadelphia, PA 19103

Lin Romano and Greg Boertje remain in jail. Their addresses are as follows. Their trial date has not yet been set, but all four have been indicted by the grand jury on charges carrying a maximum of 21 years.

Lin Romano #87-50028
HOC WDF 3
8001 State Rd.
Philadelphia, PA 19136

Greg Boertje J18
Chester County Prison
501 S. Wawaset Rd.
Westchester, PA 19382



Lin and Carmen take the cake (or is it frost the cake?) for Luke's fourth birthday. Photo by Judith Reeh

Epiphany Plowshares released the following statement:

We witness here at Willow Grove today as a people of faith, to responsibly say "no" to our nation's nuclear and interventionary war-making policies. These policies are, at present, killing innocent people and seriously endangering the existence of all life on our planet.

We choose this day to act here because it is the Christian feast of the Epiphany, which celebrates the revelation of the Christ Child to the nations. This feast is also known as "little Christmas," when the Magi travelled great distances, guided by the Star of Bethlehem, to find the child who came in the name of peace for all peoples. Epiphany anticipates the peaceful co-existence of all nations, which was also the vision of the ancient prophet Isaiah who proclaimed the message of the Lord, "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

With these inspirations, we beat with hammers and spill our blood on these modern swords: the P-3 Orion aircraft, which represents an integral part of the U.S. first-strike nuclear arsenal; and the CH 53A Sea Stallion assault helicopter, which is a tangible symbol of our intervention in wars in other lands. Like the Magi who disobeyed the command of Herod -- who planned the death of the Christ Child -- we reject the lawlessness and terrorism of our government.

We are ordinary people: a former Army Officer, an advocate for the poor, and two Catholic priests of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Together we share a concern for the victims of present war and injustice, for the lives of our families and friends, and for all our sisters and brothers in the human family.

In this action we plead with the nations and their people to seek the disarmed way of peace -- learn the way of war no more.

Greg Boertje
Rev. Dexter Lancot
Rev. Thomas McGann
Lin Romano

With their statement, Epiphany Plowshares sent copies of their indictment of this government's policies in violation of the Nuremberg Principles, other International Laws and the Law of God, and information about the aircraft which they damaged. These materials are too long to print, but we will send copies to anyone who wants them.



Workbook/cpf

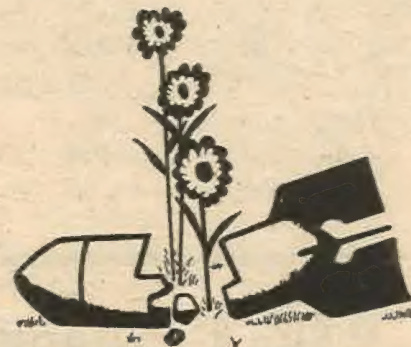
**"... they shall
beat their swords
into plowshares"**

PERSHING II PLOWSHARES

We have received word from Jonah House of another Plowshares action which took place in December:

Good news is always timely but especially so in this darkest pre-dawn hour. Today we received word from friends overseas of yet another swords into plowshares witness.

At 8:00 AM on Friday, December 12, four, calling themselves the "Pershing II Plowshares #16", disarmed a Pershing II missile launcher at the U.S. air force base in Schwibisch-Gmund. The four are: Heike Huschauer, Suzanne Mruchsniz and Wolfgang Sternstein of Germany and Ftelam Uinhajen of Sweden. Their witness included the pouring of 6 pints of blood on and in the tractor-launcher mechanism and the hammering on the launch crane and generator (which controls the launch mechanism). Their work effectively, faithfully disarmed the vehicle thus rendering it incapable of deploying Pershing II missiles.



Photos of children and children's poetry were placed on the tractor. A banner which read; "Choose life for the children and the poor" was draped over the tractor door, and the four printed on the roadway the same slogan that was on the banner.

After 10 minutes of activity, the four gathered in prayer. 30 minutes later they were apprehended after alerting "security" personnel of their presence.

The four acted on the anniversaries of both the NATO decision to deploy nuclear weapons in Europe (1979) and the date of their initial placement (1983).

Announcements

The cover of this issue comes from Helen Woodson's letter, which is printed inside. We dedicate this issue to prayerful resistance, and send our love and support to all who are carrying it on.

Criminal Justice Ministries of Iowa is sponsoring a walk from Des Moines to Ft. Madison which will take place from Sept. 4-12, 1987, arriving in early afternoon for a visit to friends incarcerated at Iowa State Penitentiary. "We will walk to see a friend, and will invite the people we meet on the way to consider the people in prison as potential friends, or at least fellow human beings created in the image of God, and to work to break down the fear that keeps us all from being free." Inquiries and comments should go to Richard Nordin, 677 16th St., #201, Des Moines 50314; (515) 280-7021.

The War Resisters League, a secular pacifist organization opposing militarism through education and direct action, has a full-time staff position available in its national office in New York City. Job responsibilities include editing and production of The Nonviolent Activist, WRL's magazine, and other program work to be determined by organizational priorities. Commitment to nonviolence a must. Salary \$18,400 plus medical insurance; starting date March 30 or sooner. ASAP send cover letter, resume, and brief writing samples to: Personnel Committee, WRL, 339 Lafayette St. New York, NY 10012

"The Challenge of Peace: A Pro-Life Response"

February 20-21

Beginning Fri. at 11 a.m. — Ending Sat. at 3 p.m.

**St. Joseph Cathedral
Jefferson City, MO**

Fee: \$20.00

For more information contact:

Faye Kunce
1212 Cottage Lane
Jefferson City, MO 65101
(314) 634-8274

Day care and sleeping arrangements available.

Mass Schedule

We have Mass every Friday night at 7:30. Come join us in our celebration! It's a great way to visit the Catholic Worker.

HR558

HR558, "The Urgent Relief for the Homeless Act," is currently before Congress, cosponsored by over 60 members of Congress. This bill provides \$500 million for long and short term needs of the homeless. Please write members of Iowa's delegation supporting passage of this bill.

Community

Katie Bobbitt
Luke Bobbitt
Wendy Bobbitt
Kari Fisher
Jim Harrington
Patti McKee
John Rutt
Norman Searah
Marla Wells

VIA PACIS

VIA PACIS is published every two months by the Des Moines Catholic Worker, P.O. Box 4551, Des Moines, Iowa (50306). Telephone (515) 243-0765 or 243-7471. We maintain Lazarus Hospitality House, 1317 8th Street, a temporary shelter for women, couples, and families; Corrie House, 1318 7th Street, a longterm shelter for single men, and Monsignor Ligutti Library and Peace and Justice Center, 1301 8th Street.



Catholic Workers at the "Elvis Presley look-a-like" good-bye party for Carmen and Judith. Guess who won? The party was one of three goodbyes we've said lately. Pictured are: (Left to right, below) E.J. Smith; (above) Terry Smith; Patti McKee; Patty MacDonell; Carmen Trotta (he won); and Kari Fisher

Midwest Peace Communities RESIST Corporate America's War Machine

**Come to Minneapolis
April 29-30**

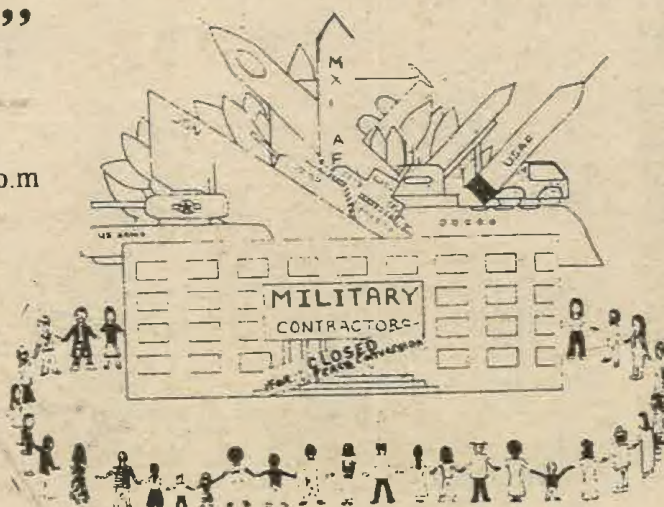
to work together on campaigns directed at military contractors and for

Nonviolent Direct Action
at the

Honeywell Corporate Headquarters

Sponsored by The Honeywell Project

1519 E. Franklin Ave.
Minneapolis, MN. 55404.



THANKS FROM NORMAN

BY NORMAN SEARAH

Christmas is over and New Year's Day has come and gone, yet I'm still passing out Christmas gifts to people and perhaps I'll keep on giving out gifts to make people a little happy. Even though it may not last too long, yet somewhere down life's road when they're down and out they'll perhaps remember a gift.

Or even a blanket which was given to them so they wouldn't freeze. I'm still passing them out whenever someone comes to the house and asks for one. I've given out a lot of blankets and now I'm praying that no one freezes. It's easier to die from freezing than it is to die of hunger in the winter.

I would like to say Thank you to the many people and groups that I know, that helped me with gathering Christmas gifts and with blankets. I would like to say thank you to a church in Jewell, Iowa, I forgot the name, a church in Ankeny, Our Lady's Immaculate Heart, Holy Trinity, and a lot of other people for the blankets.

I would like to say thank you to a good family who are good friends of the Catholic Worker and who are good friends of mine, who went around to a lot of people asking for things for me to give to others that might not have had a Christmas. Thank you Jim Speak and your family. I would like to say thank you to people at Inspiration Bookstore who have helped me. There are also others that I need to say thank you to whom I have forgotten. Thank you, not just from myself, but from the many people that received blankets and gifts. Many of the blankets went to most of the people that come to our free food store.

I would like to say thank you to Frank Cordaro, whom people now call Father Frank and to his parish for giving me a good time in Logan and for meeting the people he works with and cares about.

I also would like to say thank you to a couple or should I say a few people helping me with my dream or project for a truck by sending me bottles and can money. Right now it is only a dream which I've always shared with others. I'll let people know how I'm doing, but for now thank you and I need all the Iowa bottles and cans I can find. I feel like St. Francis; he begged for stones to repair churches. I beg for bottles and cans to get a truck.

Thank you,
Norman



NEEDS

MONEY for utilities

FOOD of any description
(especially peanut butter)

TOILET PAPER

SHAMPOO

COFFEE

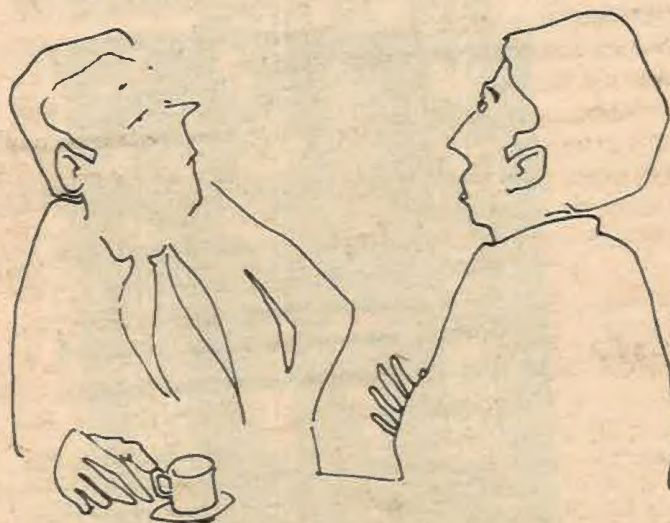
DISH SOAP

TOOTHBRUSHES

CLEANING SUPPLIES

PENCILS AND PENS

VOLUNTEERS -- to type and/or
lay out Via Pacis
-- to do food pickups
-- to play guitar at
Friday masses



"Salvation is for everybody. Food for those who can afford it."

FOOD STORE

BY WENDY BOBBITT

I had a sad awakening last month about the Free Food Store. I realized that I had secretly hoped that if we hustled enough we could come up with enough food for the people who come every day and that we could get good food, fresh produce and even canned goods and really help people out.

The sad awakening came over Christmas when in fact we had phenomenal amounts of food coming in and were able to give out vegetables, fruits, canned goods and one day even chickens. What happened of course was that more and more poor people came to the store, people who couldn't afford to drive across town for just bread but who would come knowing they could get some real help. Day by day it got worse, as the numbers climbed to 70, 80, and 90 per day. The climax, or I should say the crisis, came on Christmas Eve, when nearly 100 people came hoping we might give away turkeys like we had done before Thanksgiving. We had a sign on the door saying that we would not be giving away turkeys. We showed early comers the dented cans we would be giving away instead and begged them not to wait all day. People started coming before 7 AM. At 10 AM it was snowing and two women

and four little kids were sitting on boxes on the slab in front of the food store eating a picnic lunch. An hour later we had a sizeable crowd, all looking poor and all looking cold. One mother was holding her toddler who didn't have any shoes and was wearing gloves on her feet.

I was totally messed up that day, I couldn't stand even to look at the crowd in the back yard. With a sense of total despair I realized that even if I killed myself bringing in tons of food the end result would just be more and more poor people in the back yard and there was no hope of ever getting in enough. It sounds pretty stupid and I felt pretty stupid since all along I knew it intellectually. The heart is a different thing altogether.

So we're still asking that you talk with your grocer and ask for the produce the store discards. We're asking in the same spirit that we offer hospitality which is wholly inadequate to meet the need of the homeless. Please do what you can.

THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HELP!



BY WENDY BOBBITT

Rufus Jones is a spacious, beautiful house. Once it was home to a group of exconvicts. Now it is home to a group of homeless men and the community who serves them. A few of the men who stay there moved in two springs ago when Kindred opened up their house on 6th Avenue to the men who were eating at Kindred House and sleeping in abandoned buildings and on the porch and on the lawn and in the van. Most of those original guests are gone now, but Kindred still runs their house the same way, as an opening up of the heart to the need of people around them. Now new guests find Kindred mostly by word of mouth, except for those who are sent there by First Call for Help because they have no money to pay at the missions or by the missions themselves because they can't pay or have

been barred out. Many of the men who live there stay because Kindred Community takes them the way they are, no sermons, no AA meetings as the price for a bed.

Now the City has come up with a solution to these men's problem of not having any money to live anywhere. A letter Kindred received in early February outlines the plan: the County will provide 30 day vouchers for most of the men currently staying at Kindred to move to the missions, which have agreed to take them.

I called General Relief to find out why the vouchers are to the missions, which charge \$4-\$7 nightly, since a comparable amount would allow them to rent their own apartments. The worker I spoke with said it was because it's easier, and they don't have to worry about food stamps and utilities. Easier for whom, is the question. It's a great system for GR, which doesn't have to provide food vouchers, and a great system for the missions, which can maintain a stable clientele and income. The only ones it's not great for are the men, who, as a homeless friend described it, are herded like cattle into a barn to sleep with up to 40 strangers.

The obvious problem these homeless men would encounter in trying to rent an apartment, of course, would be the landlord's inevitable question of where the next month's rent money would come from. The missions don't have to worry about it because they get calls quite often from employers wanting day labor workers. It's a closed system; the men who work can pay their way a few days at a time but never make enough to get their own place, while those who don't work can get kicked out later on when the vouchers run out and the heat is off.

The City's motivation is pretty clear in coming up with this 30 day solution. It has nothing to do with their self-declared concern for the safety of the homeless. It has to do with their concern over the possibility of their own liability in case of a fire. A glance at any house in this neighborhood will take care of any question as to the Building Department's true concern over the safety of the poor. I doubt that more than a handful are as safe as or less crowded than Rufus Jones, since families are doubled up in shoddy apartments all over the neighborhood, not to mention afterhours joints and dopehouses which operate undisturbed blocks away from Rufus Jones.

Another and deeper element in the City's motivation is their basic hostility toward the poor, which shines forth through all the platitudes about safety and comprehensive plans. Any serious attempt to alleviate the plight of the homeless would provide assistance based on need and not on an arbitrary time frame. Assistance for thirty days is a joke in the face of continuing increasing layoffs and overall unemployment.

"Assistance" which is limited to rent vouchers without any funds for telephone, transportation or clothing does not offer any real hope of helping someone who has already lost all basic supports. Those who are still hanging on, who have been recently laid off or have had a financial crisis could benefit from rent vouchers alone, but again to arbitrarily limit the time period makes no sense. The cost of trying to rebuild a life is vastly greater than that of maintaining what already exists. The mere expense of coming up with a new set of deposits -- rent, utilities, telephone -- is beyond the reach of the homeless.

If the City were not hostile to the poor and the homeless, the Council would be working toward finding real solutions to the problems they face instead of proposing to quietly close down emergency shelters and when the word gets out trying to pull off sham 30 day "solutions". Of course it will cost money. But as it says in the Bible, where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

HOMELESS IN DES MOINES

BY RON CLAY

I arrived in Des Moines on the 13th of July, '86. I did not consider myself homeless at the time because I had \$150.00 in cash in my possessions and high hopes of obtaining a job.

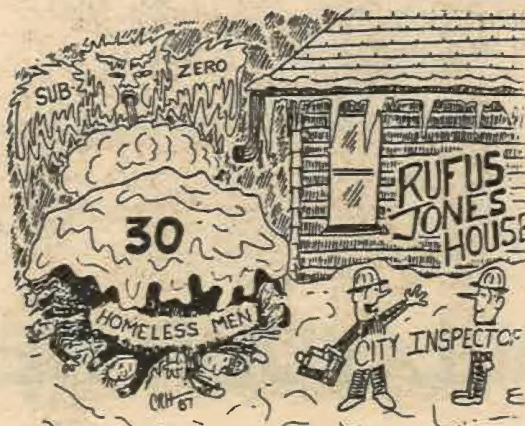
I had lived in Des Moines a couple of years before, and had no trouble finding employment even though some of it was temporary. With this knowledge I felt it was just a matter of time before I found full time employment and I could supplement my finances by working out of the Casual Labor office of the State Job Service.

I figured my first priority was to find housing, so I went to the Randolph Hotel and rented a room for a week. In looking for work it is important to have a phone and be centrally located and the Randolph, although loaded with roaches and seedy, (run-down), was centrally located and had phone service to the rooms.

I arrived on a weekend so first thing on Monday morning I went to Job Service of Iowa to check on jobs and reregister. It was then I found that they had closed the Casual Labor office to walk-ins and the only people they would send out were people with phones and automobiles. Since I can not drive any more due to pigmentary glaucoma and the ensuing blindness of the left eye, (50% vision loss), one of my hopes was demolished. Further inquiries destroyed my other hope; no longer were the micro-fiche job listings available for individual scanning, nor were there job listings posted on a board for job hunting. The new procedure consists of making an appointment, taking tests, being classified in a particular job classification, having a personal interview and possibly being given a job referral in the work classification the interviewer deems you are suited for.

Considering that I have glaucoma, am 52 years of age, am an ex-convict, my experiences in the past with this particular office leave me with the impression that they feel I am only suited for menial jobs. So much for the job service as a source in finding employment.

Now, some personal thoughts on the local Job Service. I can not understand how this office can do away



"SO MUCH FOR THEM!! WHICH HOMELESS SHELTER IS NEXT?"

Cont'd on p. 10

LETTER FROM HELEN WOODSON

5

Dear Ones,

Alderson is considered a high security prison. There are no locks, and prisoners have almost unlimited freedom to roam the 90 acre grounds. Alderson is high security because, while it's easy to walk away from, there's no place to go... Thus it was somewhat mystifying when suddenly my security level plunged downward, and I was headed out for low security Shakopee. My friends said there must be a catch, and there is. "Low security" Shakopee is bundled as tightly as an infant in a backpack.



Buildings are locked, and when I exit my room, a light flashes in the guard's station. Movement between buildings takes place only hourly with a guard standing between buildings to count bodies. Stopping to chat along the way is forbidden. The reason for all this is that if one walked away, there are all kinds of places to go, including all of metropolitan Minneapolis/St. Paul... Alderson had rules, and most prisoners obeyed, but the attitude was frequently one of barely concealed contempt. Shakopee has many more rules, and I was told by several prisoners that this is good for us, because we need to learn "accountability." ... Accountability, being a buzz-word even in resistance, is worth some evaluation, and I find the concept existing on two levels -- vertical and horizontal. Vertical is for young children who must accept authority in order to avoid danger. Vertical accountability protects the child from the consequences of immature judgment ... Horizontal accountability is for adults, reaching out to sisters and brothers in an attempt to respond to their needs. It requires constant questioning of society's assumptions in order to perceive those needs correctly and to act accordingly. Most authority, including that of state and church, actually interferes with horizontal accountability and must, therefore, be resisted ... It would be a mistake to assume that prisoners have never experienced vertical accountability and need to be trained in it, for most grew up under the harsh demands of brutally abusive parents. Likewise, it would be an error to believe that the prison intends a progression from vertical to horizontal accountability, for what actually exists is simple transference -- from

the present staff to future employer, from present guards to future cops, from present regulation to future law. Good prisoners become good citizens, unquestioning and obedient, and the reward is "success." ... Success is pushed here in all its American obscenity. Personal property allowances are liberal, and mail order is available to supply luxuries. The ultimate reward is a supervised shopping trip into the community. When I refused to take the psychological exams, I was told this privilege would never be mine, so I assume there is some positive correlation between certifiable sanity and cash registers. My refusal to accept the entrance gift (a \$30 outfit from Penneys) and money for work performed here raised many eyebrows, and so I assume there is a positive correlation between material simplicity and presumed insanity. May we all become as mad as hatters! ... It will be a different lifestyle here. Alderson meant socializing (how I miss my friends!); this place will involve, of necessity, much more in the way of serious study and reflection. If you think I'm opinionated now, just wait til I learn something! It will surely be a good sojourn, and I look forward to this time ... Speaking of time, those familiar with the federal system may have heard of the 180-day rule under which a prisoner who refuses to sign parole agreements can be released 180 days short of the maximum sentence -- a kind of state-sanctioned grace period. Alderson honors the 180-day option; Shakopee does not, so the date I've been given here is November 11, 1996, one day before the 12th. anniversary of the Silo Pruning Hooks. With any



luck, I'll be able to party for 23 hours and then mark the anniversary with a return to Missouri. My state of sobriety will not matter at all, since anything bashed at a missile silo deserves it ... New mail rules: Please note the new number which must appear on letters. No personal checks are accepted; postal money orders only. Stamps may be enclosed with a letter, and a small quantity of either paperback or hard cover books may be sent in by individuals. Visitors must be on an approved list, and hours are limited, so please tell me in advance when you're coming ... The marshals were considerate of my medical needs and provided a direct flight on commercial airlines. I was escorted by 4 pleasant marshals in trenchcoats who stood in a semi-circle around me looking like nonchalant KGB agents ready to nab a defector. Transit can involve horrendous weeks in county jails, so I am grateful that they followed the doctor's orders and got me here quickly. I will express my thanks to the U.S. Marshals Service, Prisoner Coordination, Federal Courthouse, Washington DC, and perhaps some of you may wish to do the same. It may be helpful to other prisoners if the marshals realize that people are aware of the usually brutal conditions of transit and support and are grateful for the humane movement of all prisoners... Thus ends my first week of "orientation" wherein the values of a sick culture are presented as bribes for compliant behavior. Someday, we really must rid ourselves of prisons and get on with the work of healing and reconciliation... Part of my serious study will involve upgrading my joke collection, and your contributions are welcome (standard and off-color equally enjoyed.) Thanks for all your continued support, and a special thanks to the Epiphany Plowshares who, on January 6, damaged a first-strike airplane and 2 assault helicopters, of the type used in Central America, at Willow Grove Air Force Base near Philadelphia. Also my gratitude to the European Plowshares who, on December 12, damaged Pershing missile launchers at Mutlangen AFB, W. Germany. I eagerly await word from the 22 German judges who planned civil disobedience for yesterday. Life/resistance (one and the same) go on and on. Enjoy!

Love and peace,
Helen

Helen Woodson 141242
M.C.F. Shakopee
Box 7
Shakopee, Minnesota 55379

Even before the holiday season began, my name and address list had grown considerably since I last sent out a mailing like this, early in the spring last year. Since the main topic of that mailing -- my decision to non-cooperate with the prison system by refusing to work for it -- continues to shape the externals of my life in Sandstone, a few words here on the reasons for that decision might be appropriate. To put it simply, I have become a "conscientious objector" to the prison system; seeing it as a manifestation of the same vicious circle of violence that lies at the heart of militarism and war. I have withdrawn my cooperation from the forced labor program that keeps the institutional wheels turning. Seeing also how subtly the system tries to obscure its diffusion of responsibility, I have made the terms of my non-cooperation quite general: I will not work for the prison in any capacity, regardless of how far removed a particular job appears to be from the violence of the system as a whole. I will not serve the prison system in what it tells me is a harmless and ethically neutral job, any more than I would serve an overseas war effort by accepting a "harmless" domestic position in the army.



Having made my decision to non-cooperate, I've found that the system's response has been a mixed one. On the one hand, the institutional response has been predictably and uniformly negative; just as conscientious objection to the violence of military institutions in the world at large is often punished by imprisonment, here in Sandstone I now spend most of my time confined to the prison-within-a-prison known as the Disciplinary Segregation Unit (or more popularly as "the hole"). On the other hand, the response of individuals within the institution has been much more varied, and generally much less negative. While a few guards and officers seem to

identify so completely with their institutional roles that they take any challenge to their authority as a personal affront, most (especially those with whom I have regular contact) are able to see the difference between my relationship to the system and my relationship to them as individuals. Many are quite cynical about the system themselves, and some even support my non-cooperation in principle (though like my fellow inmates they generally have a hard time understanding why anyone would take such principles seriously enough to try to live consistently with them). Despite institutional arrangements designed to keep us isolated and mutually antagonistic, we do manage to find some common ground, and in this limited victory of human relationships over the dehumanizing institutional regime, I see a definite sign of hope.

Many people wonder about what it's like here in the hole, and what sort of a life one can live here. I suppose I should start off by saying that it's not as bad as it probably sounds.

Some people hear "the hole" and immediately conjure up images of a dark, dank, vermin-infested dungeon. Others conjure up more modern but no less horrible images of sensory deprivation, agonizing boredom in total isolation, and so on. While there are many prisons in this country and around the world where such images might be accurate, Sandstone is not one of them. Here I live in a relatively clean, well-lit cell, with access to reading and writing materials, opportunities to communicate with my neighbors here in the hole and with friends outside of prison -- I'm even able to get meatless meals, and probably eat better in here than I did out in general population. This is not to say that locking people up in little boxes for long periods of time is not a fundamentally cruel and barbaric practice -- it certainly is -- just that the reality of my environment is not quite as grim as its name first seems to suggest.



Still, I am locked up in a little box, and the question does arise as to what sort of a life one can live under these conditions. This is something that even puzzles other prisoners; friends in general population sometimes ask me how I can stand spending so much time in the hole. I have to smile when I hear this, and point out that their friends on the outside often wonder how they can stand being in prison at all. Again, I don't mean to ignore the very real difficulties of life here in the hole, or of prison life in general; the point here is simply one of perspective: difficult situations often seem much more difficult to people on the outside looking in than they do to those right in the middle of them. I suspect that we're more flexible than we ordinarily realize,

and that when a difficult situation does stretch us in unaccustomed directions our adaptability can come as a surprise, both to us and to our friends on the outside.

How have I "adapted" to life in the hole? One illustration might be seen in the area of work. My decision not to work for the prison system was a difficult one to make, at least in part because I do see work, with and for others as an important part of a healthy, integral life. On the one hand, I didn't want to work at a job my conscience told me to reject, but on the other hand I didn't want simply to sit on a shelf for the next few years-- yet there was no obvious solution to this dilemma when I did make my decision and first came to the hole. It wasn't until several months later, after I had gotten somewhat settled into my new environment, that I was able to resolve the problem by finding a way to work "with and for others" here in the hole that was consistent with my non-cooperation with the system. And as it turned out, this solution actually helped to clarify the nature of my non-cooperation -- since the work I chose to do is not what the system would have me do, it continues to punish me as before, making it clear to all concerned that what it objects to is not a refusal to work but a refusal to work for it.

Basically, the work I've begun doing is a form of advocacy for my neighbors here in the hole. It started as occasional assistance to an illiterate inmate in dealing with his pre-release paperwork; from there it gradually expanded into a broad effort to help others in drafting disciplinary appeals, administrative requests, legal complaints, etc., and gener-

ally oppressive conditions here (such as overcrowding) -- I've found that in many cases these challenges aren't made by others simply because they don't realize that they can be made. For a variety of reasons the hole seems to be where such advocacy is most needed, and it can easily be full time work here -- it may not exactly be "bread labor", but under the circumstances I think it's about as close as I'm going to come to the ideal of "right livelihood" for now.

This new vocation of mine may come as a surprise to some of you, especially those who followed my trial and sentencing and recall the rather dim view I took of the legal process as a whole at that time. My perception then was that the legal system serves mainly to shore up and legitimize a fundamentally unjust status quo, and has nothing to do with the sort of justice we mean when we use the phrase "peace and justice"; consequently I declined to "use" the law in any way to defend or explain my action at Pantex, and chose instead to speak directly to the issues of personal responsibility and moral integrity. A year and a half in prison have not changed that basic perception (except, perhaps, to bring it into sharper focus), but a good deal of reflection has led me to reconsider my unwillingness to "use" the law under any circumstances. While I still question the appropriateness of trying to fit prophetic witnesses for peace and true justice into a legal framework, I am willing to use the law here in prison as a tool to help lever some of the immediate weight off my neighbors' backs. As long as I don't lose my sense of perspective, and keep firmly in mind the fact that prison litigation, like any prison "reform", is at best a very small bandaid on a very large and serious wound, I'm now willing to use it and to help others to use it in this limited way.

As I said, my decision to use the law in this way was like my decision to non-cooperate and my decision to act at Pantex in the first place, the product of both reflection and experience. I've characterized my approach to such matters before as an "experimental" one, and perhaps it bears repeating here. I don't claim to have any definitive and universal answers to the questions I raise in my witness, and really doubt that such answers are possible. The answers I do have are more in the nature of working hypotheses, and represent stages in a never-ending process of learning from my actions and acting on what I have learned. And like any other experimental venture this process

is always enriched by interaction with the ventures of others -- feedback, positive, negative, or otherwise, is always welcome, and will always be seriously considered. We all have a lot to learn from each other, and I think it's important that we see the diversity of our movement as a strength rather than a weakness.

I think much of what I've had to say here can be summed up quite simply. Resistance, service, the ongoing process of moral discernment ... we are ultimately as free to include these elements in our lives of faith here in prison as we are anywhere else. The time we spend in prison as a result of our efforts to live that faith need not be seen as time lost, nor time wasted. I tend to overuse the phrase, but it does fit here: life does go on. And as long as it does go on there will be reason to

hope, and reason to work to help it to keep going on -- wherever we are, and however we can.

In peace and hope,
Rich Miller

15249-077
Unit B
FCI Box #1000
Sandstone, MN 55072

Trident Protest

About 1000 people gathered at the Electric Boat Shipyard in Groton CT Dec. 13th to protest the launching of the ninth Trident Submarine, the USS Tennessee. 50 demonstrators were arrested for crossing the police barricade and blocking the way of visitors and workers. Several persons dressed as death spectres welcomed the people to warmed up death, stating that one trident is equal now to 5000 Hiroshimas, 10,000 homes not built, 42,000 hungry children unfed.

Every Trident II submarine will carry up to 24 Trident II missiles with 6 to 17 warheads each, for a total equivalent of 72 million tons of TNT, thus adding to the 16,000 lbs. of TNT already in existence for each person on earth. It will cost \$5 billion to build and maintain (at current estimation). The Navy plans to build 30 Tridents, homeporting them on the West and East coasts (Bangor, Washington, and St. Mary's, GA)

Another 8 people were arrested at the Groton Naval Base that afternoon for protesting US intervention in Nicaragua.



IN GOD WE TRUST

War Taxes: No Yolking Matter

BY KARI FISHER

Last April 15, our community handed out \$236 worth of eggs (472 dozen). Are we as cracked up as most of our readers think we are because we gave away 5,664 eggs?

Shell no. We did this to demonstrate a life affirming alternative to paying for death.

The money came from 10 years of not paying the phone tax bill. This tax was created during the Korean War and has historically (or is it hysterically?) gone directly to the military.

This tax day we will again be giving away eggs. We urge all of our readers 1) not to pay their phone taxes 2) not to pay their income taxes and 3) most importantly, to USE THE MONEY FOR SOMETHING ELSE.

We as a community do NOT support merely not paying one's taxes or putting it in an escrow fund until they "come to get you." We want you to show the government how much better your money can be used. Besides, if it's gone how can they collect?

This is NOT a fundraiser for our "egg project." You do not need to do "eggsactly" what we're doing. We're sure that with \$108 million going to the contras you can think of something else. We sure that with the continued testing of nuclear arms, you can think of something else.

So, get crackin'! And, if you can't think of anything else, please join us tax day! (We'll egg you on!)

**YOUR
TELEPHONE
TAX PAYS
FOR WAR!**



Vince & Kathy

Kathy Jennings and Vince Scotti Eirene are finally both home at the Pittsburgh Catholic Worker after doing prison time for prayer witnesses.

Vince was arrested last Good Friday and was released around Valentine's Day for his prayer witness at Pantex in Amarillo, TX.

Kathy was arrested May 1, 1986 and released at Thanksgiving time for her prayer witness at a missile silo in Missouri.

Your support is appreciated. Mail can be sent to Vince and Kathy at Duncan and Porter Hospitality House, Box 99332, Pittsburgh, PA 15233.

HOW I SPENT MY 30th BIRTHDAY



BY PATTI MCKEE

This birthday I won't forget, for I spent my first day in court as a defendant. The trial was for our sit-in of last August at Gov. Branstad's office concerning his decision to send Iowa National Guard troops to Honduras. (To refresh your memory, I refer you to our Sept.-Oct. 1986 issue.)

Of the 13 arrested, Mark Rogness, Jim Dubert, Bill Douglas* and myself decided to go on with the trial. The charge was criminal trespass, for being in the governor's office after hours without justification. We believed we were justified in our staying to try to see the governor.

We tried to prove our actions were justified by the following 3 tenets:

1. That the US has and is continuing to break international law in Central America, and especially in Honduras. (The US constitution bids our government follow international law.);
2. That we as US citizens have a responsibility to intervene when our government's breaking the law (Nuremberg principles);
3. That we as US citizens have the right to petition our elected officials (1st Amendment rights).

To prove our case, we called several witnesses. We even subpoenaed Gov. Branstad, but he quashed the subpoena. Our witnesses included Sen. Bev Hannon, who told of her trip to Central America, especially Honduras. In Honduras she talked with a US commander that was in charge of National Guard troops once they are in Honduras. She was told that the governors did not really have control of the National Guard troops once they were in Honduras. She also testified to her frustration and the futility of trying to meet with the governor about this issue on her return. Bill Douglas and Kari Fisher testified to the Honduras Campaign's attempts to contact the Governor on the issue through petitions, letters, phone calls, public forums, etc. Rev. Doug Maben testified to our non-violent stance. We testified to our own motivation and formation of our conscience that led us to do the action.

To give you a feel for our day and a half experience, I will here reprint the statement that we presented to the press before our trial started on Jan. 20th.

All in all the press conference and the trial went very well. We had good press coverage and support. I would like to thank all the people who came down and supported us during the trial.

It was a letdown when the jury found us guilty, but it was to be expected. Mark and I took the \$30 fine and Jim took 50 hours community service work.

Even though we were found guilty, I believe our trial has kept the issue alive in the public's eye. As did our friends' actions on Jan. 27 at the Army Reserve Post here in DM. I thank them for their willingness to further push the issue.

PRESS STATEMENT JAN. 20, 1987

We are here today to further question the conscious decision of Gov. Branstad to send Iowa National Guard troops to Honduras. We believe that a United States backed proxy war already exists in Central America. Honduras is a staging area for this proxy war. We believe that the sending of Iowa National Guard troops to Honduras



Birthday Party at the Cape: 1-17-87

Helicopters scrutinize, wary electrons circling a dissident nucleus
500 protesters strong

Love, eternity's blue-white flame, is active today;
drums beat back entropy
death's protection is breached
again and again

The broken web's healing is begun once more, the endless struggle for chaos or community,
the demand for life without fear of Holocaust

Celebration and bold nay-saying,
we mix them together -- and why not?
we are holistic kooks and shall always demand too much and not enough

-- Thornton Kimes

is a cog in the wheel of the Reagan Administration's plans for Central America. Honduras has more feet of runway per capita of any nation in the world with seven United States airstrips. It is also the second poorest country in Latin America. The United States funded contras operate out of southern Honduras.

In light of the June 27th 1987 International Court of Justice decision, the United States was found in violation of international law on several accounts in Central America. The following are a few examples:

1. "Ruled that US training, arming, financing, and other support for the rebels was a breach of its obligation under international law not to intervene in the affairs of another state."
2. "Listed eight specific attacks on Nicaraguan ports, naval installations and shipping as a US breach of international laws prohibiting the use of force against another state."
3. "Decided that the US mining of Nicaraguan ports and territorial waters in 1984 was a violation of sovereignty, an unlawful use of force and an illegal interruption of peaceful maritime commerce."

For these reasons, we believe that the sending of Iowa National Guard troops to Honduras was not just a training exercise, but a preparation for direct US involvement in Central America.

We can neither condone our country's military involvement in Central America, nor our governor's decision to send Iowa National Guard troops to Honduras. After exhausting the normal political process, we felt compelled to dit-in at the governor's office. Following in the tradition of Martin Luther King, we peacefully sat in the governor's office on August 4th, 1986 in hopes to speak to the governor about his decision. Again we were spurned. We were determined to stay until we spoke to him, for this act we were arrested.

We are here today to witness to the fact that this is not a dead issue. The proxy war is still being fought, and Iowa Army Reserve troops are going to Honduras this month. More Iowans are feeling compelled to state their opposition to these actions by having a presence at the Iowa Army Reserve Post here in Des Moines on January 27th, 1987. The struggle for justice goes on.

IS IOWA ALWAYS LATE?



BY KARI FISHER

The following is a brief play (AKA as a "Shaggy dog story". If you do not like shaggy dogs, do NOT read this. You have been warned...)

Act I Scene I: (The play opens in Minneapolis at a National Mobilization for Survival gathering. The meeting opens with movement heavies discussing Cancel the Countdown, a demonstration planned to stop the government of the United States of America from launching a test of the Trident II. The demonstration plans to attract thousands of demonstrators from across the nation. Background music: Cat Stevens' "Peace Train")

Movement Heavy #1: We've lined up Odetta and Ben Spock to be there. I think Spock is going over the fence.

MH #2: I think most of our support is coming from the Big Apple. We'll be sending people down on Amtrak. We call it the "peace train". We have 6 or 7 cars reserved just for us.
(a small voice breaks in from the crowded room)
Small voice: My name is Kari Fisher and I'm from Des Moines. This all sounds really good. I think we can get farmers, workers and students. Iowans will love it - we can get a busload. Tired, pale peace activists journey to the sun to demand social justice and an end to the arms race.

MH #3: Great! You're the Iowa Coordinator. Now, Grace Paley will probably be speaking ...
(Scene ends)

Act I Scene II: (We see Kari on the phone, as she examines brown hair in her hands. Similar to a Walt Disney "Daniel Boone film." The time is the first week in January. Background music: Patsy Cline's "I Fall to Pieces")

Kari (AKA Small Voice): Okay, I realize the farm affinity group is out because of the farm women's gathering in Des Moines. Yes, I know that your group can't endorse yet because they haven't seen the nonviolent handbooks, but I haven't seen the handbook. They've been at the printer's for 2 months. How are we getting there? Hmmm. Physically, I hope. Well, if we get 40 people on a bus. Well, we have 6. Yes, I know this is two weeks away. Yes, I'm going to call the van company as soon as I get off the phone. Then, I'm calling the VW bug rental store.

Act I Scene III: (We see a Catholic Worker Community meeting: Kari Fisher has one small patch of hair on her head. She is also looking thin and haggard. We watch as she knocks over her second cup of coffee in a seven minute time span. Background music: folk spiritual, "Let My People Go")

Kari: Look, how am I supposed to do food pickups? First, I'm going to leave here on the Feast of the Holy Innocents to walk from King's Bay, Georgia. Then, I can't go. Fine. Then, I'm going to do the Backwater Action, but I can't I'm responsible for a busload of people. Then, I'm just going to get arrested with Dr. Spock. But, nobody can guarantee when I'll get out and I'm responsible for a busload of people. Then, I find out I have to be back to testify at the sit-in at Branstad's office...

Wendy cuts in: Umm. I don't understand what this has to do with food pickups.

Kari: Now, we don't have a busload. I can't even rent a van, we don't have a



credit card. (With that, Kari snatches the remaining bit of hair out of her head.) Fine, I'll do food pickups. That's just great.

(Seven community members look at each other in disbelief as they hear a Chevrolet engine roar -- not a common sound -- and tires screech.)
(End of Act I)

Act II -- The Departure
(The scene is Iowa City. John Rutt, two high school students, Amy and Sonya, from Mankato, Minnesota and a stockingheaded Kari stand in front of a house looking down the street. Background music: Rolling Stones' "You Can't Always Get What You Want")
KF: Well, it's 7:30 PM now. We're not doing too badly. We were only going to leave at 2 PM from Des Moines. I wonder where Jeff Stack is. (Jeff Stack from the Cedar Rapids Catholic Worker is late with the C.R. CW van.)

John R. Well: I don't mind.

K: It was really nice of you to drop everything and bring us here ...

JR: No problem. I don't mind 5 hour delays.

Act II Scene II

(The scene is an unheated CW van. Amy and Sonya lie on the floor with blankets covering them. Terry, from Iowa City, lies in the back seat also covered with blankets. Jeff drives also covered with blankets. Kari sits on the passenger side with her nose and mouth showing. Background music: Bing Crosby's "I'll Be Home for Christmas")

K: Hey, Jeff, this is really neat how the frost is forming inside the van.

Jeff: Yeah. Well, I told people it would be kinda cold.

Kari: Okay, now this is a 28 hour ride. We're leaving 8 hours late. Following the van's being late out of the shop. Following two one-hour consensus meetings about whether we'd rather freeze in the van or smother to death in Bill Douglas's Chevette. Following a decision to go in the van. Following the van's getting a flat tire before we left Iowa City.

Jeff: Well, we're on the way; this is going to be great!

Act II Scene III (The scene is Kentucky. The fearless five have just stopped for 20 minutes at a gas station to drink coffee. Kari is taking her first shift at the wheel. Background music: Kris Kristofferson's "Why Me, Lord?")
Jeff: Did you hear that noise?

K: What noise?

Jeff: The noise that vaguely resembles the music from "Chitty-Chitty Bang Bang."

K: Yeah ...

Jeff: Let's pull off at the Grand River Exit.

K: Where's the River?
(The group pulls off and the hunt for the "Dummy's Guide to VW Vans" begins.)

Act II Scene IV (It's 10 PM at night. The group is at a cafe in Grand Rivers, Kentucky, huddled over the salad bar and a plate of french fries. Background music: Beatles' "With a Little Help From My Friends")
Jeff: Well, we'd get into Florida at 2 PM driving straight through.

Terry: I think we should go for it. We're this close. The demo is from 12-6 -- we'd still catch most of it.

Kari: Did anyone even see a river?

Cont'd on p. 10

HOMELESS IN DES MOINES

with a service to the community like the Casual Labor. This office has sent out anywhere from 8 to 10 people on a slow day; up to 30 on a busy day, plus employers used these services to find possible full time employees by working them part time, thus having the opportunity to observe these individuals at work. This is the capital city and headquarters for all job service offices, yet the only one without a Casual

Labor office is in Des Moines, why? I am told that if I have an auto and phone they can still send me out on casual work, but that is discriminating toward the impaired, poor people and transients.

At the end of the week my rent at the Randolph was due, I was still looking for employment and my funds were steadily being spent so it was decision time. Survival became the "name of the game", and I entered the world of the homeless of Des Moines. As I sit here writing this I can honestly say that the world of the homeless here or anywhere is like another world parallel to this one where you can see people and things, but they can't see you. A nether region, so to speak. July 21, 1986 -- my first day as a homeless nonentity! New priorities: a place to sleep, free meals, free clothes, etc. I had to check out of the hotel at 11 AM so I took my clothes and bedroll to the Greyhound and placed them in a \$1.00 locker (that's a dollar a day!); then I started searching for a place to sleep out at night. I found a bridge near the Des Moines River on an entrance ramp to I-235. Underneath the bridge up against the hill is a ledge 30" off the ground and 36" wide. The length is approximately 6' between the bridge trusses. I picked a spot midway under the bridge and this section became my new home. Now to make it somewhat comfortable, I started looking for cardboard and sheets of plastic, the cardboard for padding and the plastic for protection when it rained. Also plastic is a good insulation barrier against moisture beneath you, a ground sheet, so to speak. Once I had all this under the bridge, I returned to the Greyhound Station and retrieved my clothes and bedroll. For those of you who do not know what a bedroll is, it consists of a couple of warm blankets and a sleeping bag if possible. Fortunately I had all of the above plus a foam pillow. I stashed my bedroll in the trusses of the bridge above my sleeping spot and wrapped my backpack and shoulder bag in plastic bags and placed them in a big evergreen tree nearby. The tree's location was important also; it had to be fairly isolated from foot traffic and

vehicle traffic. The reasoning behind hiding these things so well is, who can you trust not to steal your belongings? You can never trust ordinary people (or home guards); you usually can trust hitchhikers, police, highway maintenance people, or other homeless people, but you never broadcast your sleeping place or stash! You're probably wondering why I chose to sleep out, considering the fact that there are two missions and the Kindred Shelter available. The Door of Faith charged \$7.50 per night and the Bethel \$4.00 per night, so they were out. The Kindred House had a lot of younger people there who like to stay up late and they had a tendency to make quite a bit of noise. As I am an older and quiet person myself I prefer peace and quiet.

I stayed under that bridge for three weeks. By then I had met a guy who I knew elsewhere who was also sleeping out, and for safety and companionship we decided to sleep under the same bridge. Since his was in a better location I moved my belongings to his bridge. Another benefit derived from partnering up is feeling more secure, which

leads to a deeper and more restful sleep. When you sleep alone, all you really do is catnap and any little noise will bring you wide awake. H.K. and I moved to a new location, still a bridge but a spot that is more remote and harder to reach. H.K. and I ran into another guy named Bill who was passing through town and waiting for a check to be sent General Delivery. He had no place to stay as he was out of funds so H.K. brought him to our sleeping place. In turn he told someone else about our place. Once too many people know your spot it is time to move, so that is why H.K. and I moved. We stayed there until November when I moved into the Corrie House (a transitional house run by the Catholic Worker Community). Two weeks later the staff invited H.K. into the Corrie House.

IS IOWA ALWAYS LATE? cont'd

Jeff: Well, we did spend over \$300 on parts and labor; but it was a really nice chance to get to know some real good folks. I really liked "Pops". And that wood burning stove was really great.

Amy: So was the 8 hours at the convenience store.

Jeff: I don't think they'd ever seen tofu before ...

(The scene closes as the group proceeds to discuss the pros and cons of the journey for another hour.)

Act II, Scene V (The group is rolling into Cape Canaveral. Background music: "So Close and Yet So Far")

Kari: I don't even see a river on this map of Kentucky.

Jeff: Well, it's 5 PM and we can get there for an hour of this.

Terry: Yeah. I did sort of take the long route in Atlanta.

(The group pulls into a campsite area.)

Jeff: (out of the window) Hey, can you tell me where the protest is?

Woman: Over.

Jeff: Over where?

Woman: It's over.

Act III Scene I (The scene opens with only Kari in the limelight. Her hair is $\frac{1}{4}$ " long, but she basically looks traumatized. Back-

ground music: "The Way We Were" and "Swing Low")

Kari: This play could go on and on. But it won't because I still have another article to write.

I could talk about how we missed a national demo by $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. My cousin's wedding reception by half a day.

I could talk about leaving Florida after a mere 24 hour time period. About having to crawl into a peace activist who'd been arrested house at midnight through the window.

I could talk about the man who was going to fix the brakes -- who only lived 2 miles from the county jail where 128 protesters were being held. The one we gave up on after 20 minutes.

I could talk about getting into Nashville at noon - in time to see hundreds of people march to remember the words and ACTIONS of Martin Luther King.

I could mention the hitchhiker we picked up in Illinois who took us home and gave us hot chocolate.

I could mention Illinois where we got stranded in the "wide spot of a road" and tried to warm up at a hotel. Where the inn-keeper (Maybe somebody has to do it) would make noises every time Jeff and I would start to doze off on the lumpy couch. (Amy, Sonya, and Terry all stayed in Florida to see folks.) Making us more mindful of what hospitality is.

Maybe I could mention getting in half an hour before the trial and the jury still finding them guilty.

Maybe I could say that the best part of the journey - is the people we meet, not the end. I could even say something trite such as, "There is no way to peace. Peace is the way."

But I won't. I'm still looking at a map for this river in Kentucky. I still can't find it.
(Scene and play ends.)

WHAT'S HAPPENING

11

By Kari Fisher
Meditation by Rev. Doug Maben

On Jan. 27, fifteen of us were arrested in Des Moines. We were arrested because of the departure of the Des Moines Army Reserve unit to Honduras to supposedly build roads.

The Des Moines reserve unit was only one of three reserve units from our state that have been sent since December.

Those arrested include: Kari Fisher, Catholic Worker; Mike Sprong, Frank Cordaro, Bob Cook, former DSM Catholic Workers; Mark Rogness, Kindred Community; Betsy Keenan, Maloy Catholic Worker; Pat Stevens, Chariton; Joe Tas-Chetta, Ames; Rich Koeppen, Omaha; Doug Maben, Des Moines; Marsha Smith-Wood, Bedford; Margaret Vernon, Indianola; Jim Dubert, Ames; Kathleen Clark, Orient; and Robert Lang, Des Moines.

As we go to press, we fifteen await our arraignment Feb. 17.

The protest attracted more than 50 support people.

In Dubuque, 250 people gathered on Jan. 20 for a half-day rally and walk to protest their reserve unit also going to Honduras.

The following is a meditation from the Des Moines action:

Centering our Intentions

We are here to incarnate our desire for peace, our love for justice, the expression of our mercy and the depth of our commitment to those causes. The diversity represented here today is proof of our unity and purpose. We are acting on our shared conviction that the actions of the country of which we are citizens is a violation not only of its constitution, but of our shared conscience as well. We believe that the strength of our conviction and our willingness to place our lives in the path of our government's violence against the people of Central America is the resolve we must choose today. We are committed to the nonviolent solution of problems in international relations, and this is our encouragement to act non-violently ourselves today. We cannot ask others to do what we ourselves will not do. Together we recognize that all life is undeniably interconnected, what affects one, affects all. Today we wish to make clear to the people of our nation and those of the nations of Central America our belief that the future of the people of Central America is our future as well, and that the war against them is war against all.

This article is two weeks past deadline -- a lot of stuff has been happening around here.

We're missing Cindy Blake, Judith Reeh, Carmen Trotta and Donna Henderson.

Cindy's in Mexico working with her church. After her church group leaves, Cindy plans to stay in Mexico to work with the people. She hopes to be in Mexico for almost six months.

Judith and Carmen are at the Catholic Peace Fellowship hospitality house in Long Island. Judith will be going back to Germany this spring.

Donna, after almost 4 years in Des Moines, is at the Christic Institute in Washington, DC. She is also living in their community. (Hey, you guys, WRITE HOME!)

We've had lots of help here, though. Ron, from Corrie House, takes the food store almost every day. We had a group of Northwestern students here for New Year's Week. They were great. They helped us clean our clothing store, helped Kindred House move and even put a door that latches on the shed in back of Corrie House.

We also had a political cartoonist in our midst. Carson Haring, who is a staff person at Hanson House (a hospitality house for former law offenders), has been helping us out.

The holidays were hectic; but good. Lots of food, lots of support, lots of gifts, but more importantly, lots of guests.

So, here's what's going on as we try to convince ourselves that this balmy weather is really winter.

Catherine (Katie) Bobbitt is 5 1/2 healthy months old. She's still nursing but eating a few select foods. (Get the lemonaid away from her, Jim Harrington!) She's also thriving on all the attention everyone gives her (somewhat abundantly). But we'd like to say she's not spoiled -- she just smells that way!

Luke Bobbitt is still going to Child Development. A preschool that isn't that far away, unless it's 8 AM. Luke turned 4 in December, when his friend Lin Romano from DC was here. It's difficult to believe how much of a "big brother" he is now -- he's even setting a good example by eating his vegetables.

Wendy Bobbitt has been working a lot on keeping Kindred House open (please see Wendy's article which was only 1 week, 6 days past deadline). Wendy is working on the mailing list in her "spare time". (Send in your corrections...)

Jim Harrington is planning this year's tomato and rattlesnake patch. He's still taking the house almost every morning, working on the Habitat for Humanity house, and the Legal Aid board. This morning Luke and Jim had a lovely pancake breakfast for Patti, Wendy, Katie and me. (They both so kindly let us snooze until 8:30 AM.)

Patti McKee was found guilty at the jury trial about sitting in at Branstad's office. (Along with Jim Dubert, Ames, and Mark Rogness, Kindred Community) We still believe that they are innocent, though. Patti's still involved with the Coalition for the Homeless, although she is no longer the "Pres".

John Rutt has been volunteering at the Worker for a long time. Right now, he is living at Lazarus House while he contemplates joining the Community. He's diligently typing the Via Pacis this issue (not anyone's favorite job) John works fulltime at Best Buys -- we're enjoying his lively discussions at the house.

Norman Searah (see article) is his usual busy self. He spent time with Frank Cordaro in Minnesota and then in North Dakota -- even hanging out while Frank persuaded authorities to let him out. Norman is still collecting bottles and cans for his truck. He also visits his friend, Bernice, to bring her food.

Marla Wells continues to be a burst of energy around the house. For a Swede, she makes the best hot sauce we've ever had. Marla, despite living "off campus", puts in long days here -- often 10-15 hours.

Kari Fisher -- Once again I'm writing this letter. I went to Florida for "Cancel the Countdown", and I also got arrested this month protesting the Army Reserve Unit's "vacation" to Honduras. (Please see my articles if I ever finish them). After 2.43 months of moving my stuff into Corrie House, it's all moved in; but where did the floor go?

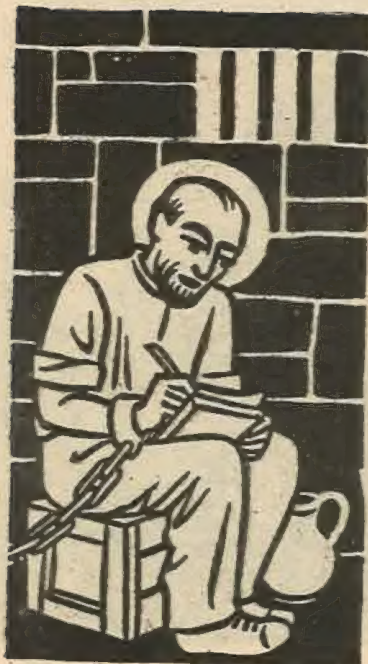
In peace,
Kari



Kari climbs the fence Jan. 27.
Photo Kim Hill-Smith

Come, Lord. Do not smile and say you are already with us. Millions do not know you, and to us who do, What is the difference? What is the point of your presence if our lives do not alter? Change our lives, Shatter our complacency. Make your word flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood and our life's purpose. Take away the quietness of a clear conscience. Press us uncomfortably. For only thus that other peace is made — your peace!

— Dom Helder Camara



SAINT PAUL

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